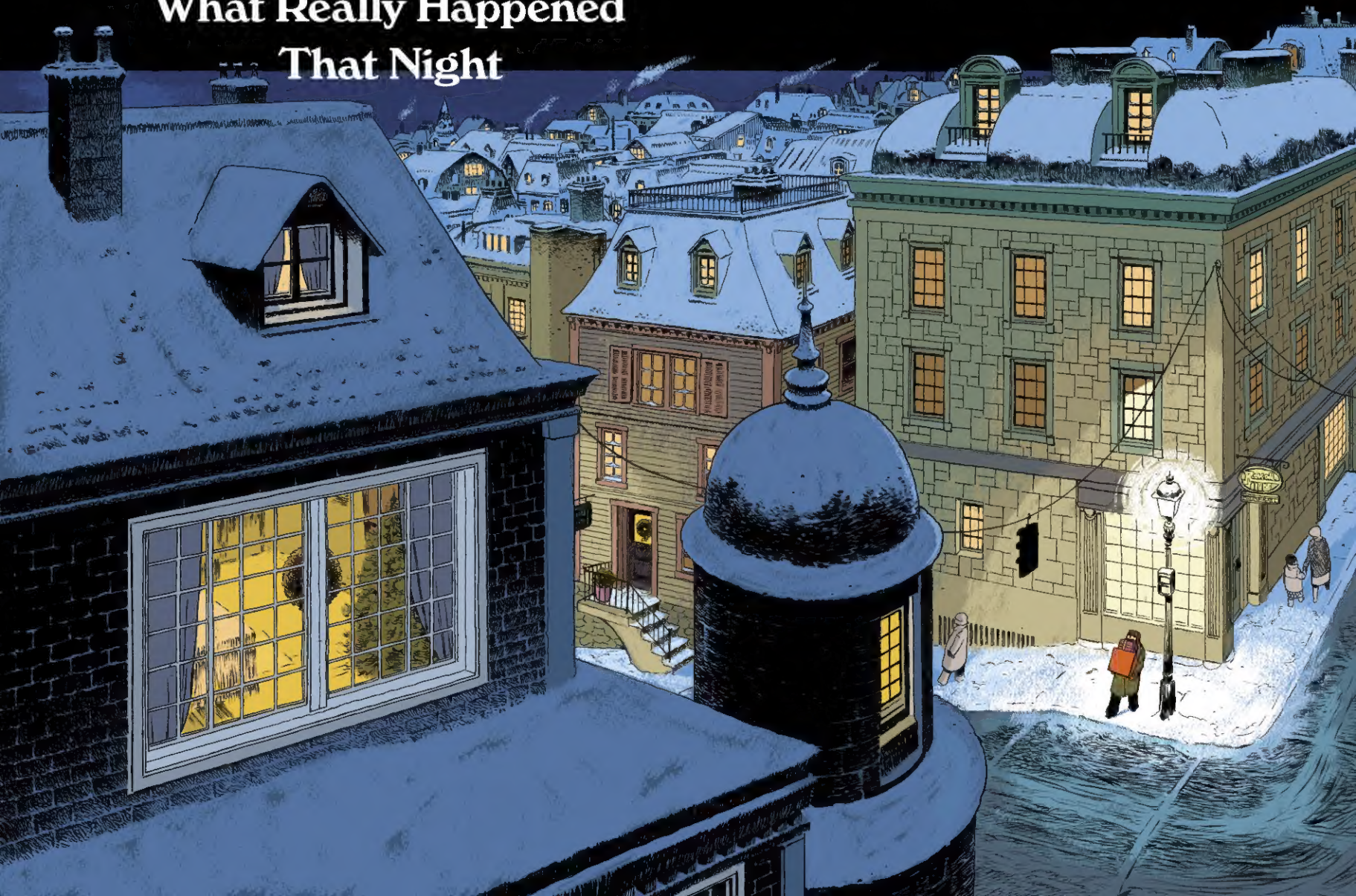
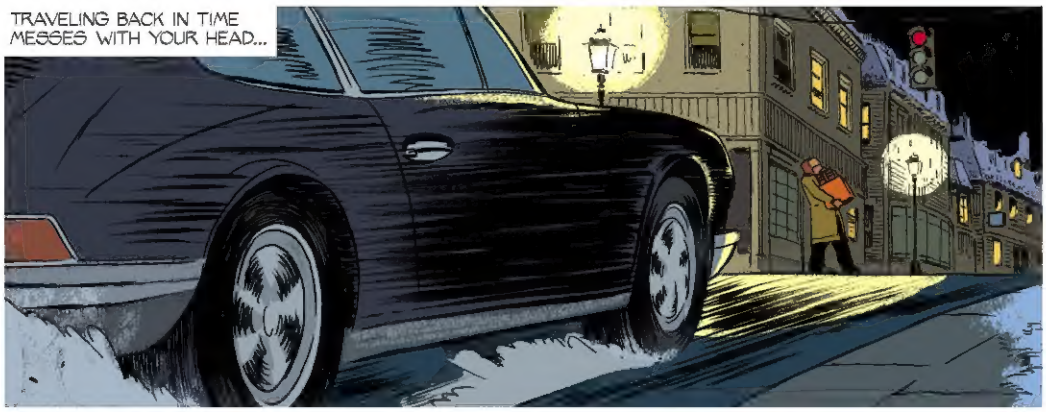
Friday

Ed Brubaker
Marcos Martín
Muntsa Vicente

Chapter Seven
What Really Happened That Night




TRAVELING BACK IN TIME MESSES WITH YOUR HEAD...

THE PAST FEELS JUST LIKE THE PRESENT, EXCEPT YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN.

BECAUSE EVERYONE ELSE IS MOVING ON PREDETERMINED PATHS. DOING WHAT THEY DID *BEFORE*.

PLEASE REWARD ME, WHITE LADY...

IT WAS CREEPY, FRIDAY THOUGHT... SHE DIDN'T LIKE IT.
...PLEASE SEE MY SACRIFICE...

JUST LIKE SHE DIDN'T LIKE HIDING IN THE BACK OF WEASEL WADSWORTH'S CAR AS HE RACED OUT OF TOWN.
LET ME SEE YOUR LIGHT, OH MY LOST MOTHER...

BUT IF SHE HAD ANY DOUBTS THAT THIS WAS WHAT HAD ALWAYS HAPPENED...
THAT SHE'D ALWAYS TRAVELED BACK TO THIS NIGHT...
YOU ARE NOW LEAVING

THE NIGHT WHEN LANCELOT JONES HAD BEEN KILLED...
...LET ME DO YOUR WILL...

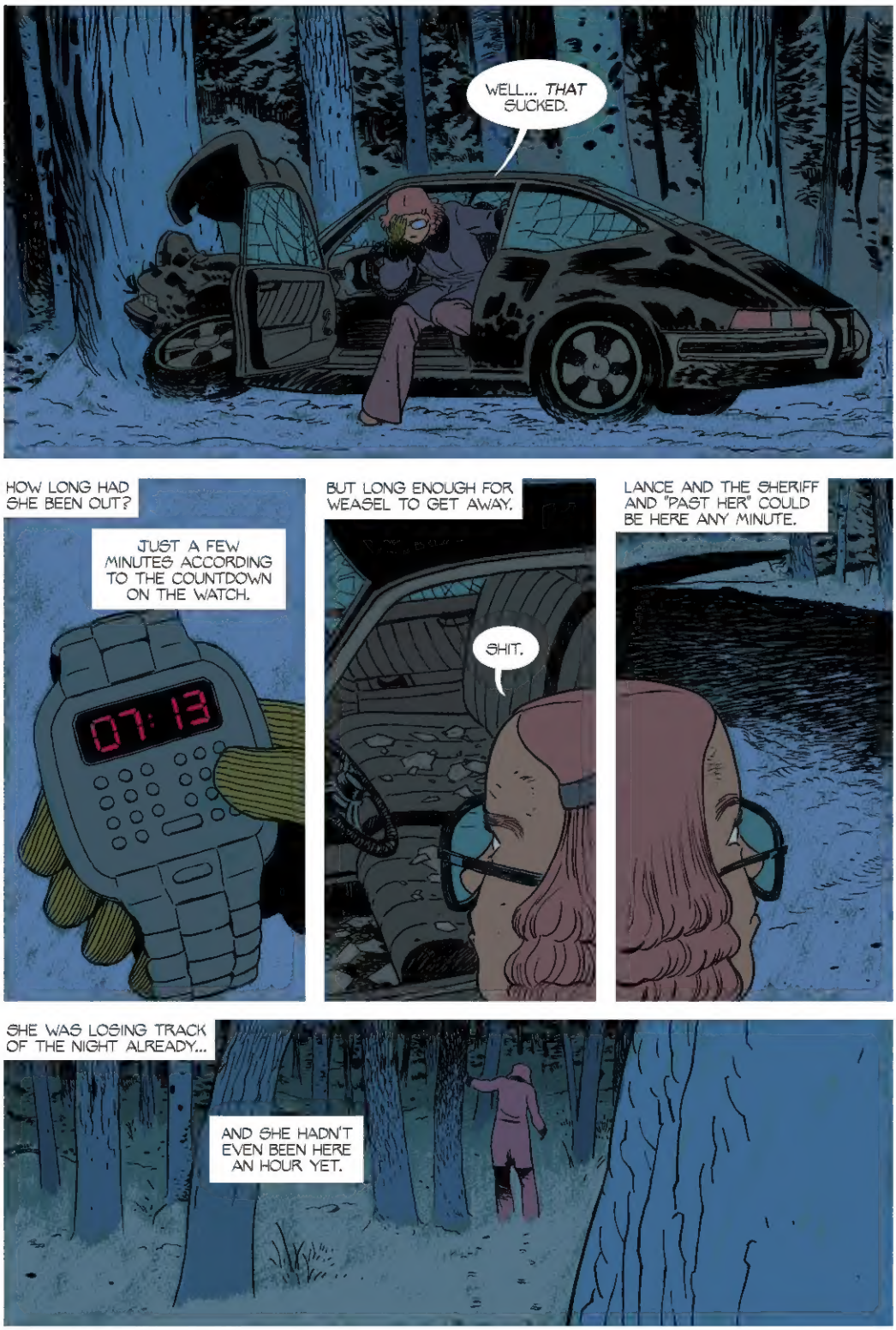
WELL, THOSE DOUBTS WERE ERASED WHEN SHE REALIZED WHY WEASEL HAD CRASHED HIS CAR THAT NIGHT...

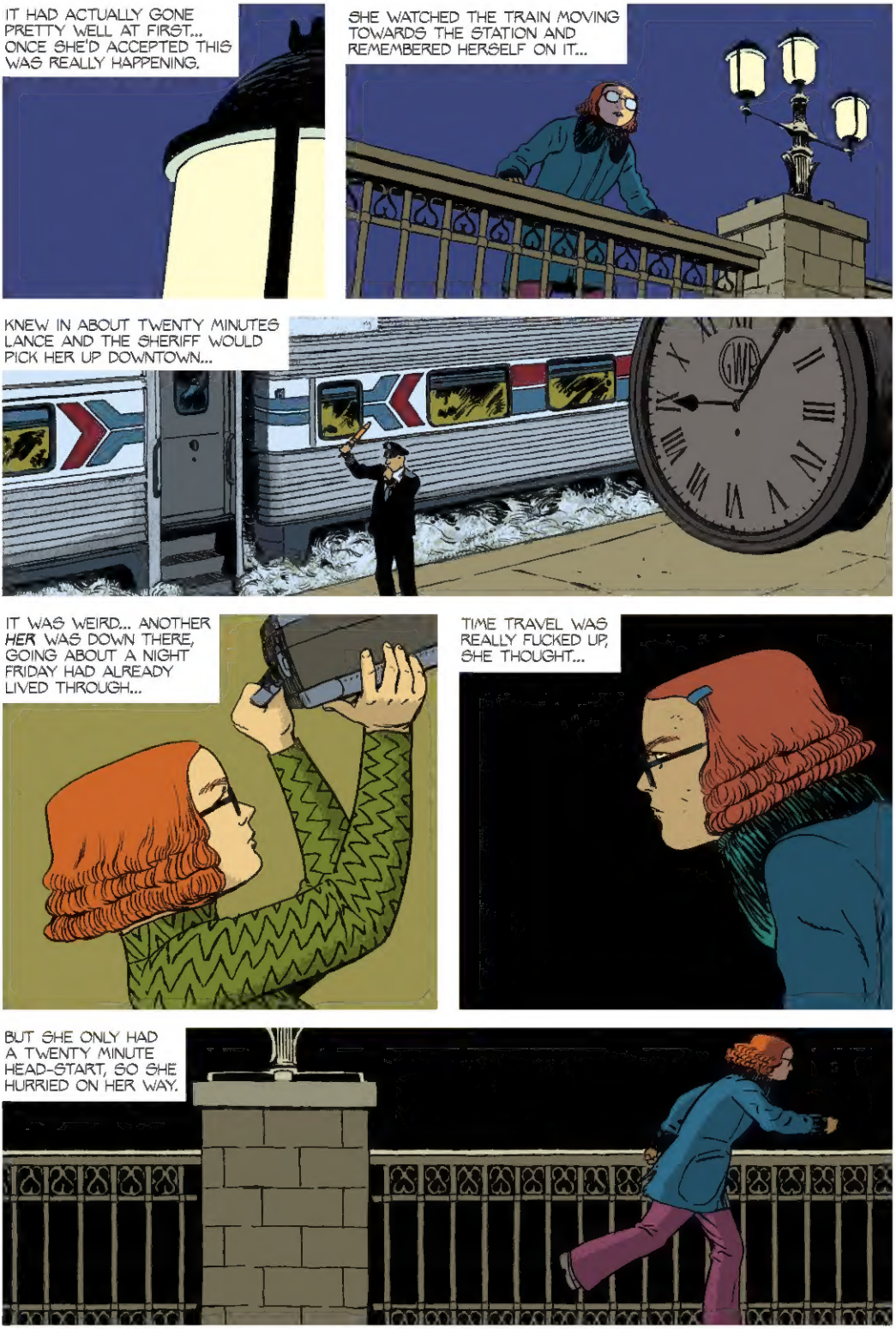
AND IT WASN'T BECAUSE OF THE ANCIENT CURSED DAGGER...
HEY-

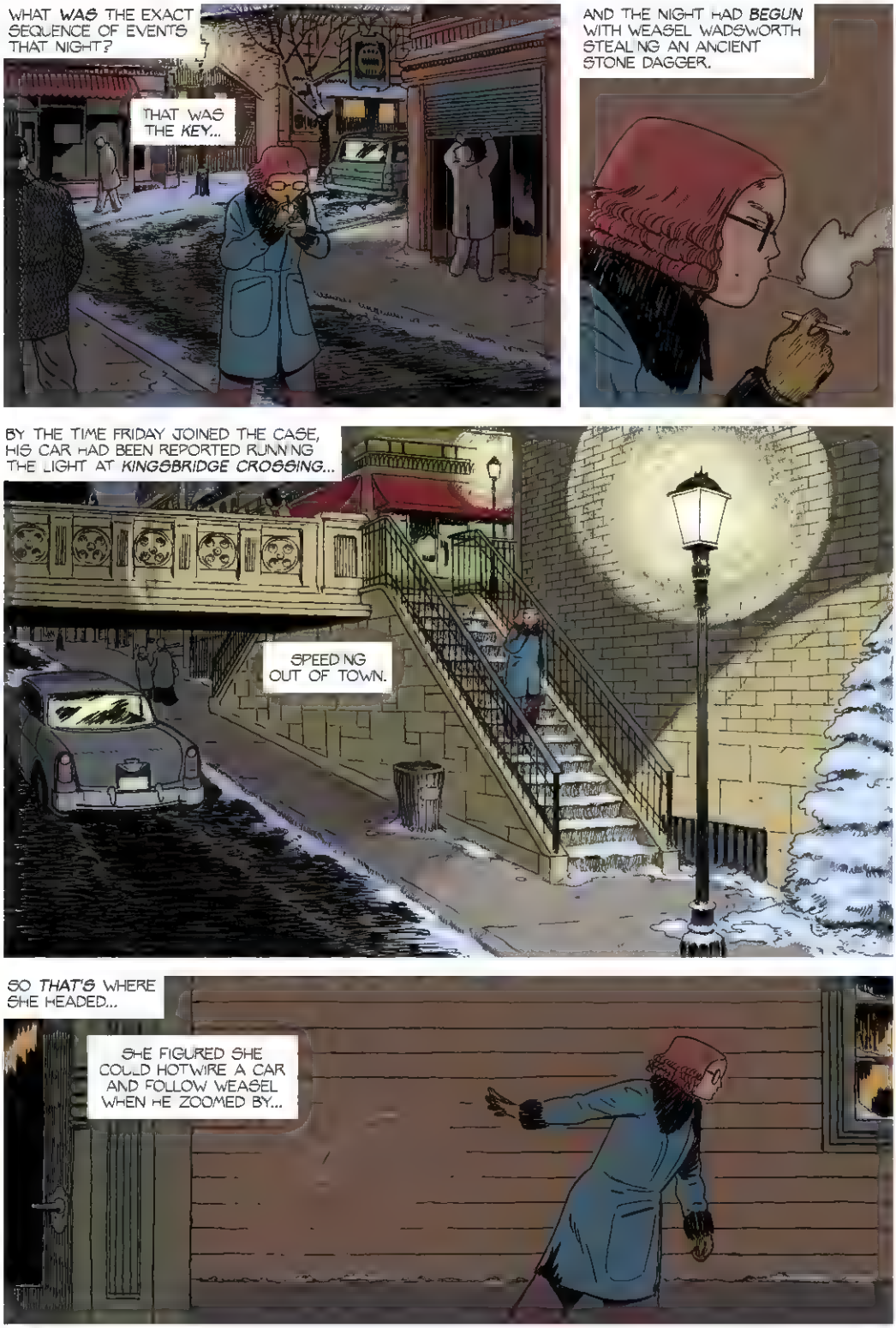
OH SHIT.

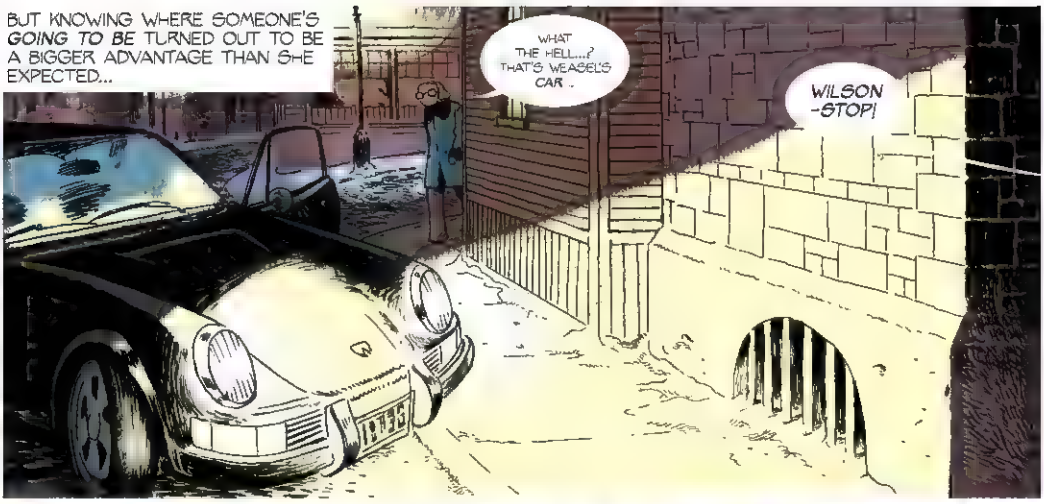
IT WAS BECAUSE OF HER.
YOU? THE WHITE LADY WILL HAVE YOUR-
WEASEL-- LOOK OUT!!
THE ROAD--!!
AAAAHHHH--

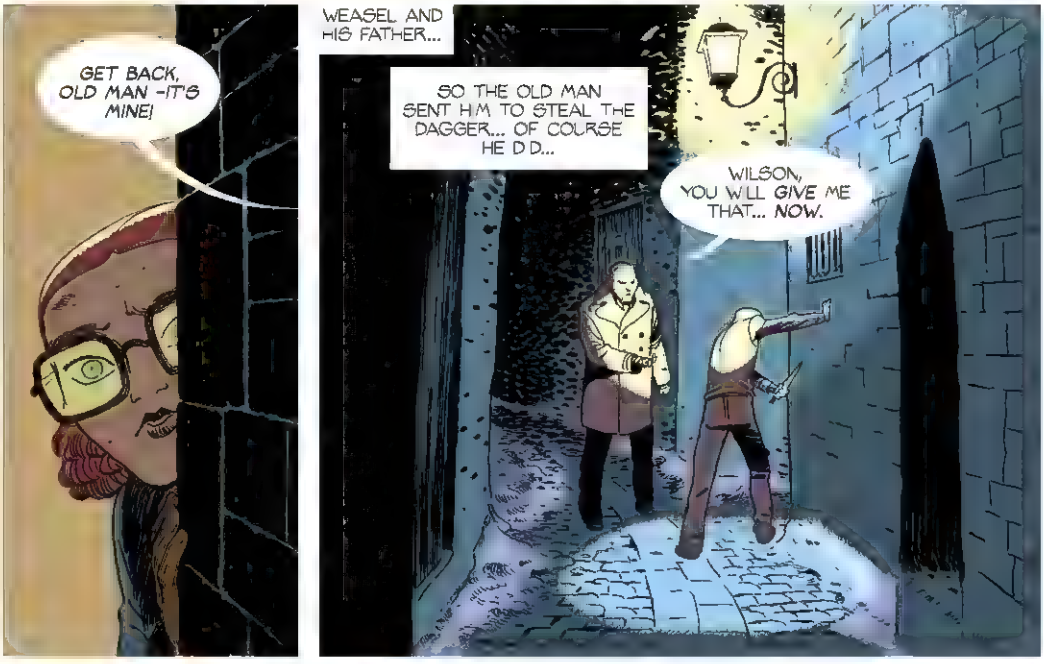
YES... MOTHER OF THE FOREST... I HEAR YOUR CALL...
I'M COMING TO YOU... I'M COMING...
...
...FUCK... OW...

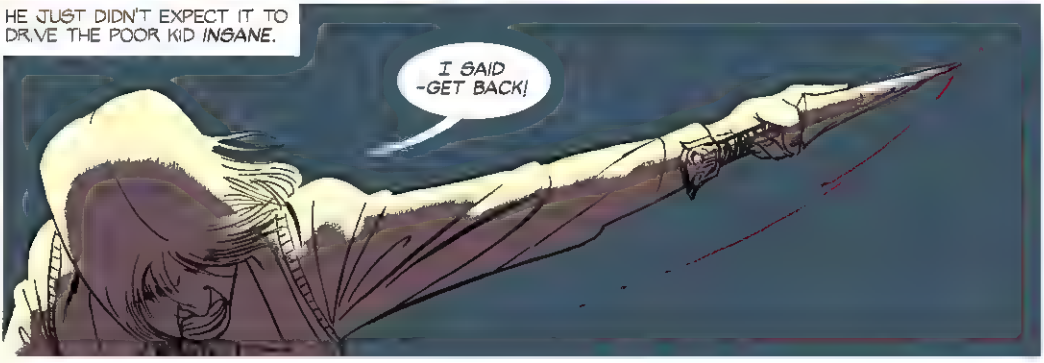

WELL... THAT SUCKED.
HOW LONG HAD SHE BEEN OUT?
JUST A FEW MINUTES ACCORDING TO THE COUNTDOWN ON THE WATCH.
07:13
BUT LONG ENOUGH FOR WEASEL TO GET AWAY.
SHIT.
LANCE AND THE SHERIFF AND "PAST HER" COULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE.
SHE WAS LOSING TRACK OF THE NIGHT ALREADY...
AND SHE HADN'T EVEN BEEN HERE AN HOUR YET.


IT HAD ACTUALLY GONE PRETTY WELL AT FIRST... ONCE SHE'D ACCEPTED THIS WAS REALLY HAPPENING.
SHE WATCHED THE TRAIN MOVING TOWARDS THE STATION AND REMEMBERED HERSELF ON IT...
KNEW IN ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES LANCE AND THE SHERIFF WOULD PICK HER UP DOWNTOWN...
GWR
IT WAS WEIRD... ANOTHER *HER* WAS DOWN THERE, GOING ABOUT A NIGHT FRIDAY HAD ALREADY LIVED THROUGH...
TIME TRAVEL WAS REALLY FUCKED UP, SHE THOUGHT...
BUT SHE ONLY HAD A TWENTY MINUTE HEAD-START, SO SHE HURRIED ON HER WAY.


WHAT WAS THE EXACT SEQUENCE OF EVENTS THAT NIGHT?
THAT WAS THE KEY...
AND THE NIGHT HAD BEGUN WITH WEASEL WADSWORTH STEALING AN ANCIENT STONE DAGGER.
BY THE TIME FRIDAY JOINED THE CASE, HIS CAR HAD BEEN REPORTED RUNNING THE LIGHT AT KINGSBRIDGE CROSSING...
SPEEDING OUT OF TOWN.
SO THAT'S WHERE SHE HEADED...
SHE FIGURED SHE COULD HOTWIRE A CAR AND FOLLOW WEASEL WHEN HE ZOOMED BY...

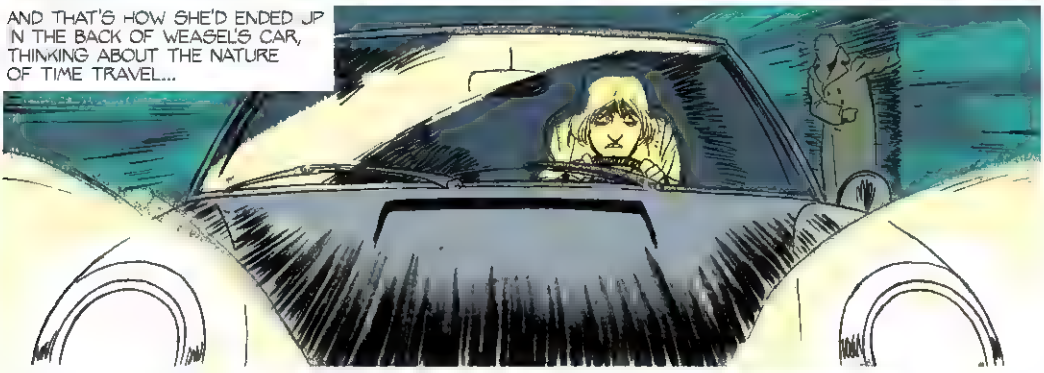

BUT KNOWING WHERE SOMEONE'S *GOING TO BE* TURNED OUT TO BE A BIGGER ADVANTAGE THAN SHE EXPECTED...
WHAT THE HELL...? THAT'S WEASEL'S CAR..
WILSON -STOP!

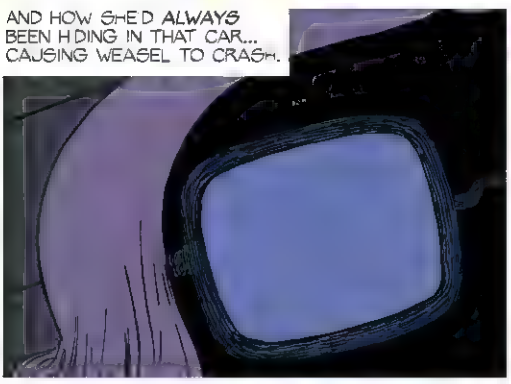

GET BACK, OLD MAN -IT'S MINE!
WEASEL AND HIS FATHER...
SO THE OLD MAN SENT HIM TO STEAL THE DAGGER... OF COURSE HE DID...
WILSON, YOU WILL *GIVE* ME THAT... *NOW*.


HE JUST DIDN'T EXPECT IT TO DRIVE THE POOR KID *INSANE*.
I SAID -GET BACK!

AHH--!!
WILSON... NO...
FUCK YOU... IT'S MINE... AND NOW I'M GOING TO SHOW HER...
THE WHITE LADY IS GOING TO KNOW ME...
WA T... STOP... YOU AREN'T READY...
SHIT.
THERE WAS NO T ME TO THINK...
WILSON!

...SHIT...


AND THAT'S HOW SHE'D ENDED UP IN THE BACK OF WEASEL'S CAR, THINKING ABOUT THE NATURE OF TIME TRAVEL...

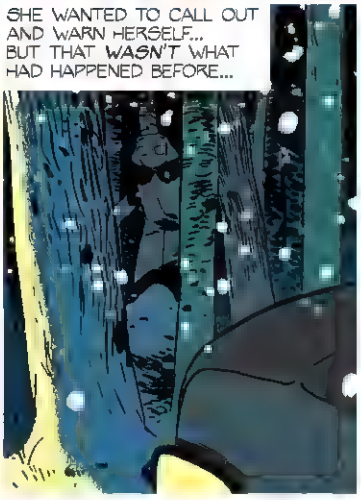

AND HOW SHE'D *ALWAYS* BEEN HIDING IN THAT CAR... CAUSING WEASEL TO CRASH.

ALL SO SHE COULD BE THE *GIRL IN THE TREES*...

SPYING ON LANCE AND PAST-FRIDAY WHEN THEY ARRIVED...
WE'RE GETTING CLOSE NOW... THE TRACKS LOOK FRESHER...

WE CAN STILL CATCH HIM...

IT WAS SO WEIRD.
THAT WAS HER.


SHE WANTED TO CALL OUT AND WARN HERSELF... BUT THAT WASN'T WHAT HAD HAPPENED BEFORE...

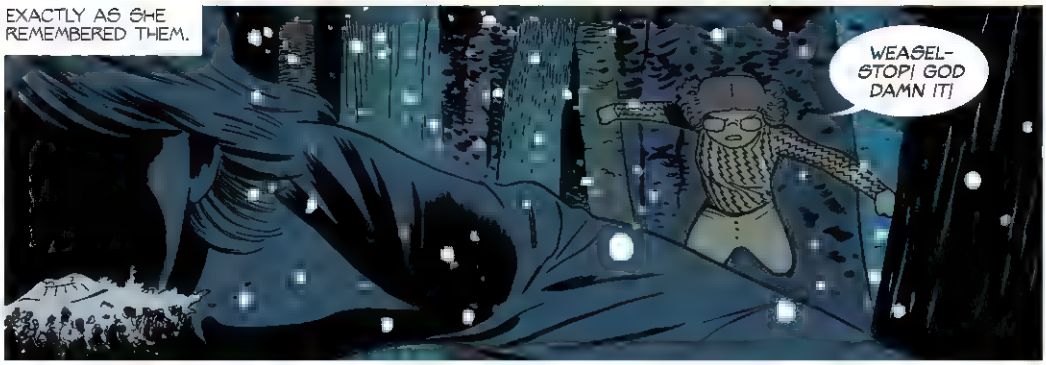
THIS WAS.

FRIDAY... WHAT IS IT?
I THOUGHT I SAW SOMEONE IN THE TREES...

...WATCHING US.

SOMEONE OR SOMETHING?
NO, IT WAS A PERSON... OR PERSON-SHAPED, AT LEAST.
IDIOT.
I THOUGHT MAYBE A GIRL.
FOR A SECOND SHE'D ACTUALLY FORGOTTEN THE MOMENT SHE SAW HERSELF.
AFTER THAT SHE WAS SMARTER...
SHE STAYED FARTHER AWAY...

AND JUST WATCHED THE EVENTS PLAY OUT...
GRRAAARR--!!


EXACTLY AS SHE REMEMBERED THEM.
WEASEL- STOP! GOD DAMN IT!

...THE... WHITE LADY...

AND IN LESS THAN AN HOUR, THEY'RE GONE AGAIN.

SHE WATCHES THEM DRIVE AWAY, AND THINKS ABOUT LANCE IN THE FRONT SEAT THAT NIGHT...
HOW HE WOULDN'T LOOK BACK AT HER...
AND ALL THE UNSAID THINGS BETWEEN THEM...
OH GOD...
WHY THE HELL DID SHE COME BACK HERE IF SHE CAN'T *SAVE* HIM?

5-182

.. FUCK..

LANCE AND THE SHERIFF WOULD BE BACK IN AN HOUR TO EXAMINE THE SYMBOL WEASEL CARVED...

WHICH WAS SOMETHING FRIDAY HAD NEVER ACTUALLY *DONE*...

...BACK IN HER PRESENT TIME.
OKAY... WHAT THE HELL IS *THIS* SUPPOSED TO MEAN...?

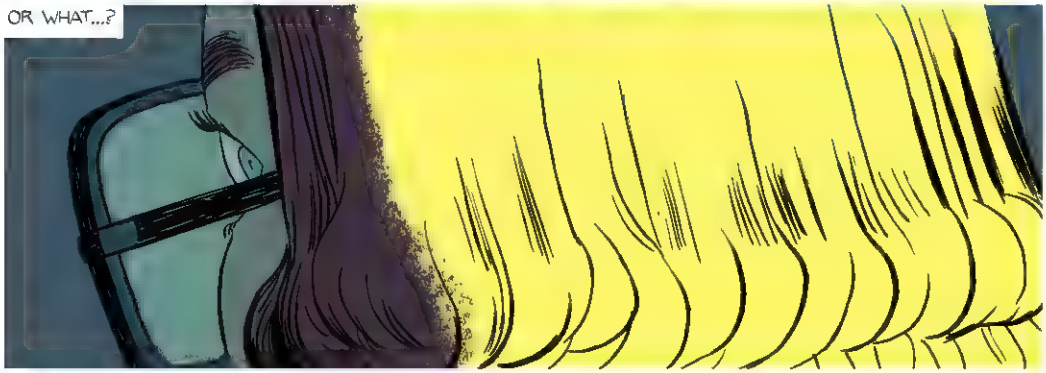
IT JUST LOOKS LIKE THE DRAWING FROM LANCE'S CASEBOOK.
THERE'S NOTHING SPECIAL ABOUT SEEING IT UP CLOSE, AS FAR AS SHE CAN TELL.
DAMN IT...
SO WHAT DOES SHE DO *NOW*?
WAIT IN THE FREEZING COLD UNTIL LANCE COMES BACK TO FIGURE IT OUT?
HE WILL, TOO.
HE'LL KNOW EXACTLY WHAT THIS SYMBOL MEANS, HOW TO PRONOUNCE IT...
AND WHATEVER *MYSTERIOUS INCANTATION* IT'S PART OF.

SHE'S HERE BECAUSE SHE NEEDS TO KNOW SOMETHING THAT WILL HELP HER BACK IN THE FUTURE.
TO STOP THE WHITE LADY AND THE ARCADIAN BROTHERHOOD FROM WHATEVER THEY'RE DOING.
UNLESS... WHAT IF SHE'S LOOKING AT IT ALL WRONG?
WHAT IF LANCE MADE THE WATCH AS A FAILSAFE, SO FRIDAY COULD COME BACK TO SAVE HIM?
WHAT IF SHE CAN CHANGE THE PAST?
NO. THAT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE.
THAT MUST BE IT... RIGHT?
BUT THEN... WHAT HAPPENS TO THE DAYS SHE LIVED THROUGH AFTER THIS NIGHT?
SO IS THAT WHY HE SENT HER BACK IN TIME, TO WATCH HIM SOLVE EVERYTHING FROM AFAR?
DO THEY SPLINTER OFF INTO ANOTHER TIMELINE? ANOTHER REALITY?
AND DOES SHE GO BACK TO THAT ONE WHILE LANCE AND PAST FRIDAY LIVE IN THE NEW ONE?
GOD... TIME TRAVEL IS SO FUCKED.

AND THEN ANOTHER THOUGHT HITS HER, AND FREEZES HER MORE THAN THE COLD...
IF SHE WAS RIGHT THE *FIRST TIME* AND SHE *CAN'T* CHANGE THE PAST...
IF SHE'S *ALWAYS* BEEN HERE NOW, LIVING THROUGH THIS LOOP...

WHAT IF HER TRYING TO SAVE LANCE IS WHAT GETS HIM *KILLED*?

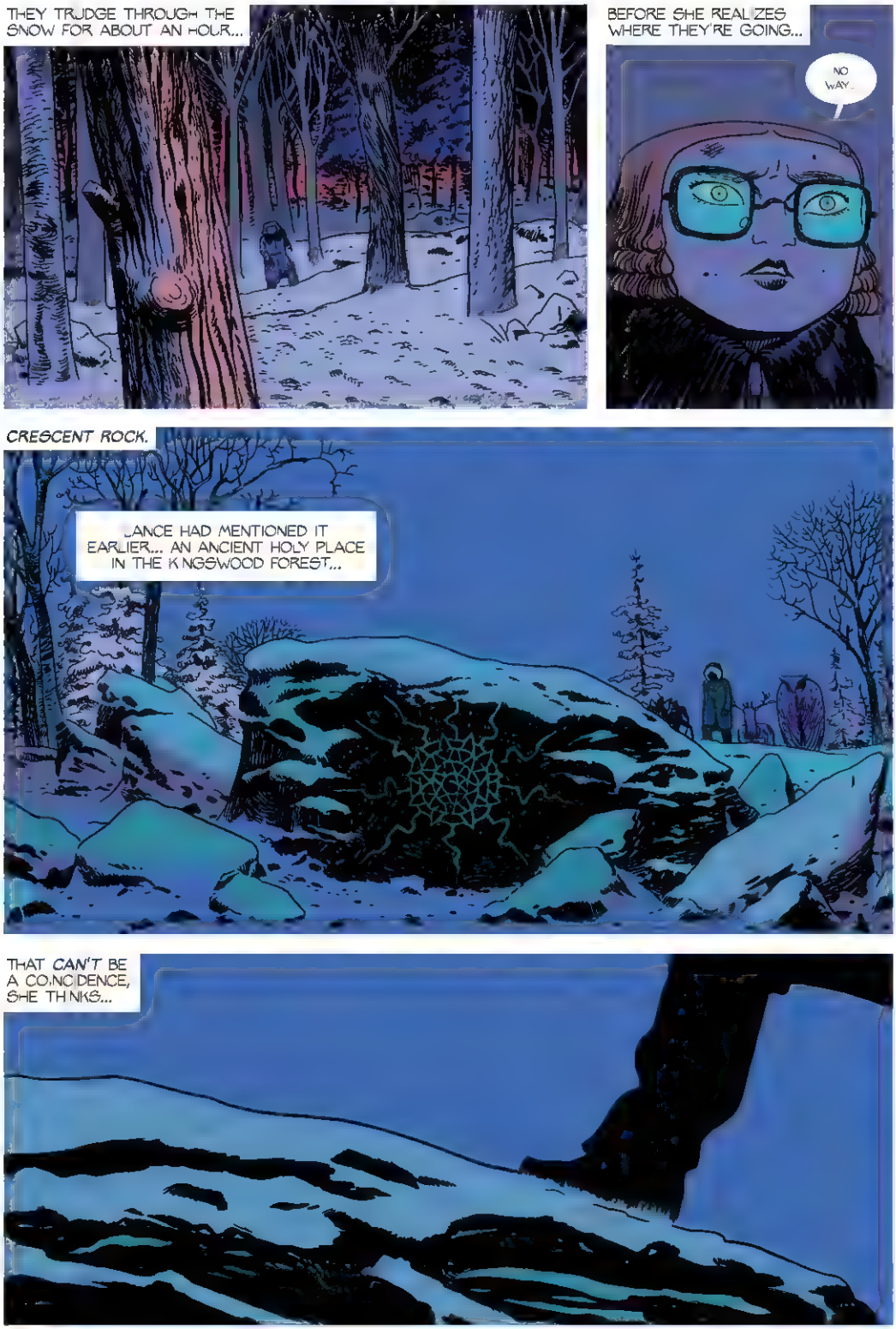
AND THEN SHE JUST WANTS TO SCREAM.
EITHER EVERYTHING SHE DID HAS ALREADY HAPPENED... OR... OR...


OR WHAT...?

WHAT?
WHAT THE HELL...?
OH SH.T.

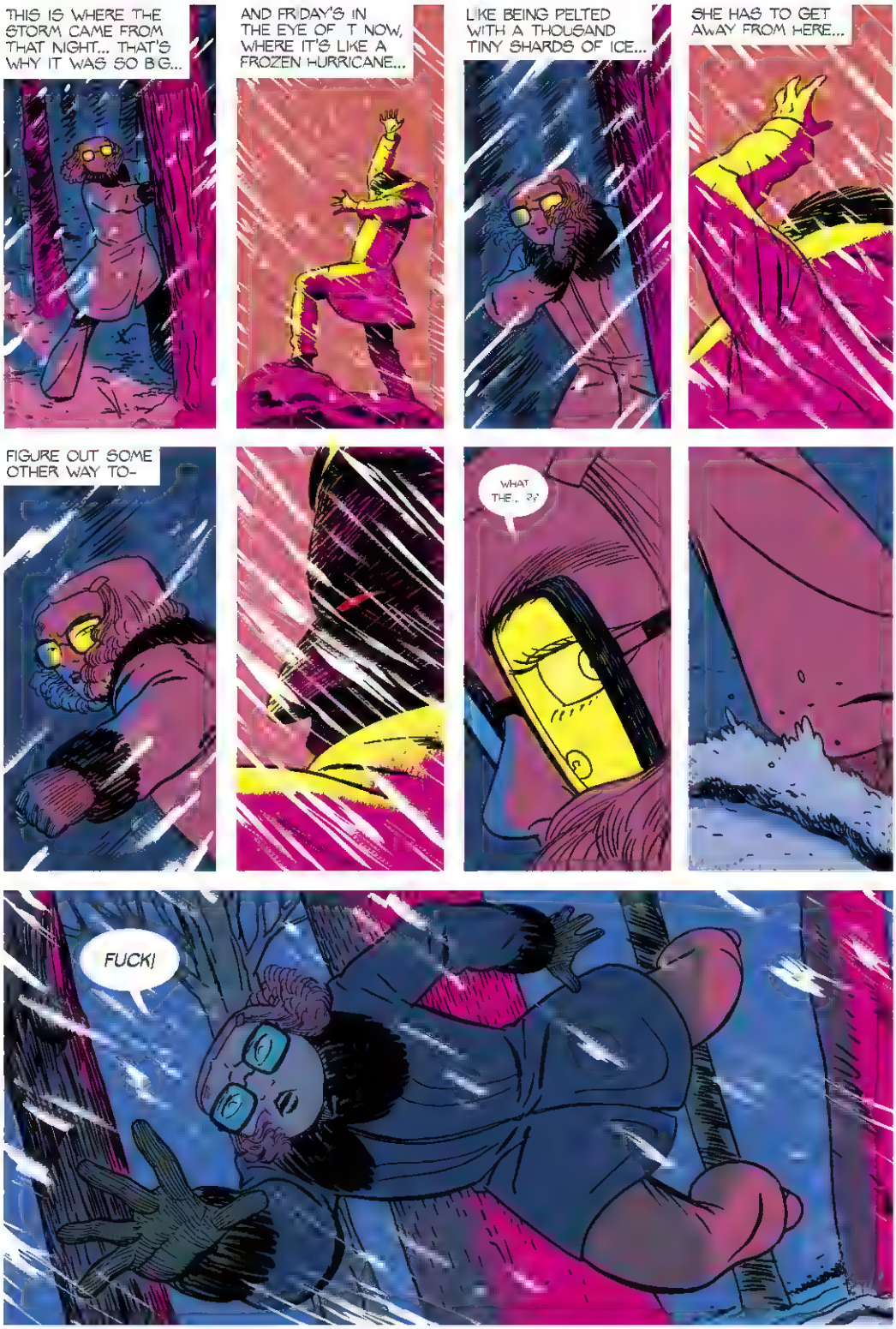
OVER HERE, FRIENDS...

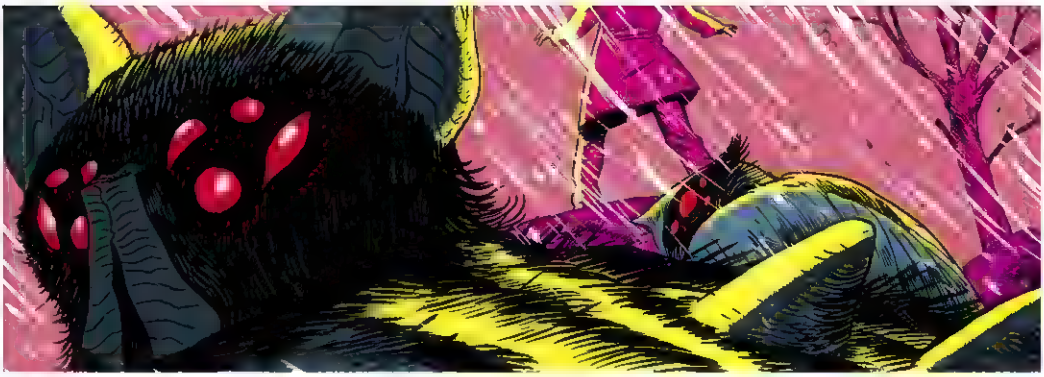
I'VE BEEN AWAITING YOUR ARRIVAL...
WE HAVE MUCH TO DO THIS NIGHT...
FOR OUR MOTHER
NO... THERE'S A PROBLEM...
HE DIDN'T ANSWER THE CALL...
BUT I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT... AFTER WE BRING THE STORM.
SO FRIDAY WAS FINALLY AT THE PART OF THE NIGHT WHERE SHE HAD NO IDEA WHAT WAS COMING NEXT...
AND WHAT WAS SHE DOING?
FOLLOWING MONSTERS INTO THE DARK.
GREAT...


THEY TRUDGE THROUGH THE SNOW FOR ABOUT AN HOUR...
BEFORE SHE REALIZES WHERE THEY'RE GOING...
NO WAY...
CRESCENT ROCK.
LANCE HAD MENTIONED IT EARLIER... AN ANCIENT HOLY PLACE IN THE KINGSWOOD FOREST...
THAT CAN'T BE A COINCIDENCE, SHE THINKS...

AND THEN SHE DOESN'T THINK AT ALL...

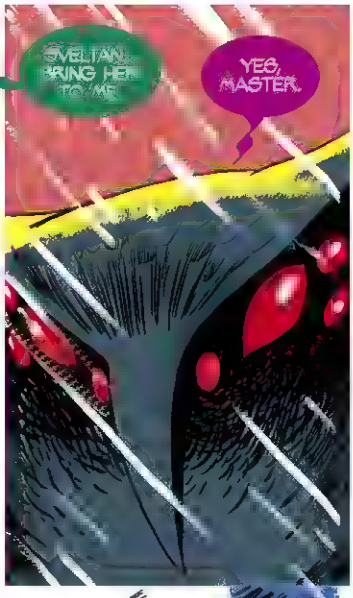
SHE'S JUST WATCHING WHAT HAPPENS NEXT...


THIS IS WHERE THE STORM CAME FROM THAT NIGHT... THAT'S WHY IT WAS SO BIG...
AND FRIDAY'S IN THE EYE OF T NOW, WHERE IT'S LIKE A FROZEN HURRICANE...
LIKE BEING PELTED WITH A THOUSAND TINY SHARDS OF ICE...
SHE HAS TO GET AWAY FROM HERE...
FIGURE OUT SOME OTHER WAY TO-
WHAT THE...?
FUCK!



OH FUCK
OH FUCK
OH FUCK.

WE HAVE
CATCHER


SVELTAN,
BRING HER
TO ME.
YES,
MASTER.

FUCK.

THERE'S NO TIME TO THINK...
BUT SHE DOES T ANYWAY...
GRRRRAAAAA!
AAAAA

SHE CAN'T HELP IT...
AHHH-!!
KSSSSSHHHHHH
IT'S LIKE HER MIND IS SCREAMING...
TELLING HER WHAT SHE JUST SAW CAN'T BE RIGHT...

THAT IT MAKES NO SENSE...
IT WAS THE STORM... SHE COULD BARELY SEE ANYTHING...
SHE MUST'VE IMAGINED IT... RIGHT?
WHY IS SHE SO *SURE*, THEN...

...THAT THE MAN IN THE HOOD WAS LANCELOT JONES?
End of Chapter Seven

Thank God It's Friday

And so we finally come to the start of the end, our final act... I've known this is where we were going since before I even started writing chapter one, but actually writing this chapter and the one that comes next was quite tricky. The time-loop version of time travel is a bit of a trap, or a maze, or whatever. I'm enjoying it, so far, but how about that crazy two-page spread that Marcos drew where Friday and I are both wrapping our heads around what you can and can't do in a time travel story. Ha. I hope you felt my insanity seeping into her anxiety at least a little bit.

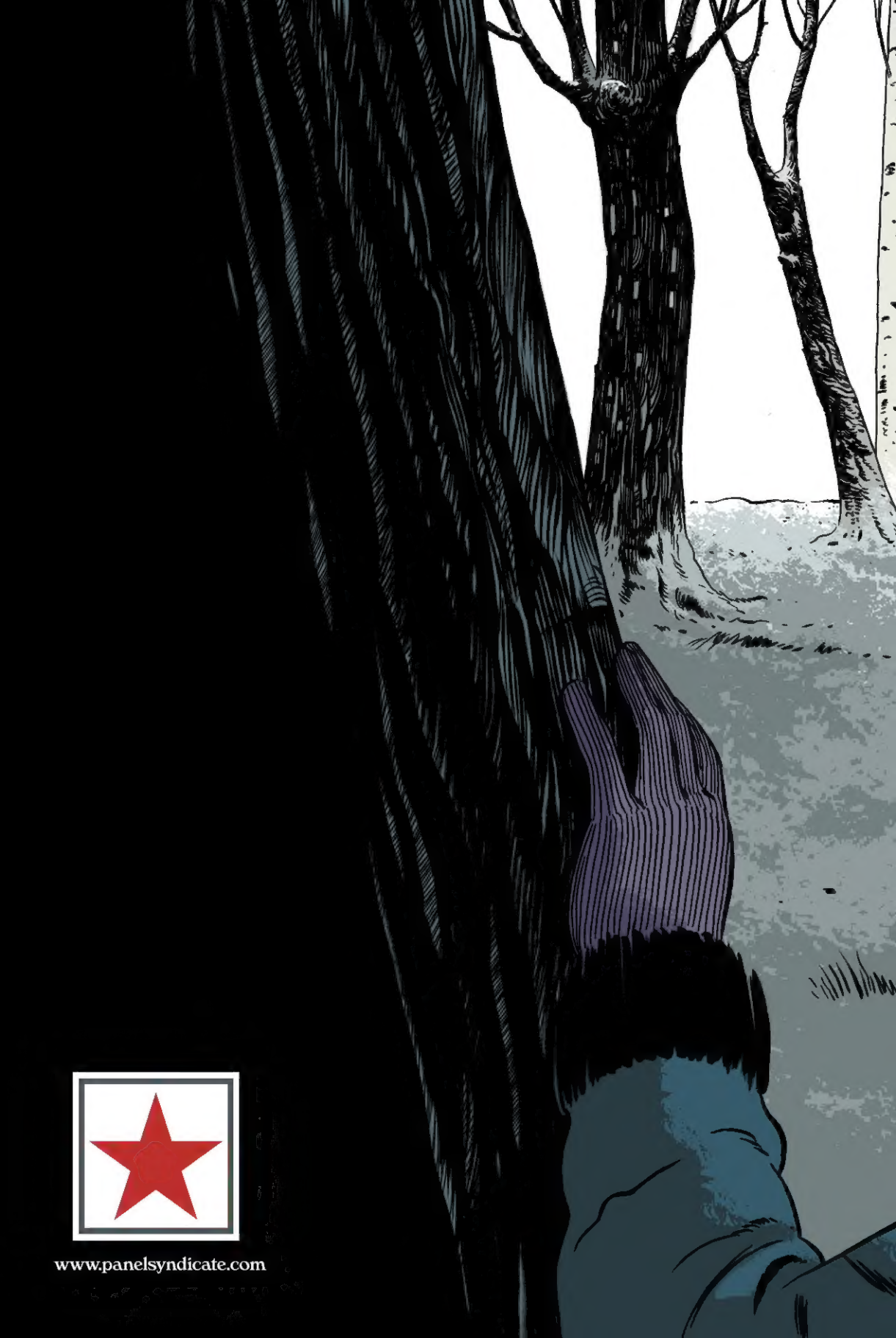
And let's give a big hurrah to Marcos and Muntsa for how beautiful this issue looks. I asked Marcos for some crazy monsters this chapter and he more than delivered on that. I was terrified for the last section when that owl-thing started flying after Friday. And that cover is just amazing. A perfect idea, the cover of chapter one from a different POV. What a joy it is to get pages from these two every time.

We still have two more chapters to go, but now that we're getting closer I can really feel the ending taking shape, and coming at us fast. I've said before that FRIDAY kept growing as we've been making it, so I'm trying to keep that from happening too much at the end. But there's another part of me that just wants to see 10 more pages of her and Lance wandering the streets of the little town, too. The world of this book feels so alive to me now, and to a lot of you from the feedback we've been getting. But the next chapter picks up right where this terrifying ending left us, I won't open with an extended flashback to happier days, I promise... and we'll be revealing many secrets that we've held back until now, and find out exactly who the White Lady is and what she's doing... Some of which should be obvious by now to some of you, maybe.

Okay, that's it for this chapter... I have to go walk the picket line because that's my day job now.

Ed Brubaker
May 2023

P.S: And as always, feel free to write at FridayFitzhugh@gmail.com or send us your messages directly if/when you decide to make a payment.
We know we've been sluggish with our answering but rest assured we've read each and everyone of your messages. So thanks to Timothy, Matt, Yves, Henning, Shawn, Joshua, Ryan, Luke, Nicholas, William, Samantha, Carlos, Jorge, Alan and so many others for your words of praise and support. Hey, even all the smart-asses out there (we're looking at you, Stephen...). See you soon!



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